

C A N Z O N 38,



FROM the revenue of thine eyes'
Exchequer, My faith, his Subsidy did
ne'er detract! Though in thy favour's
book, I rest a debtor; Yet, 'mongst account
ants who their faith have crackt, My name
thou findest not irrotulate ! I list not stand
indebted to infame; (Foul them befall who
pay in counterfeit! Be they recognised in
black Book of Shame !) But if the Rent,
which wont was of assize, Thou shalt
enhance, through pride and coy disdain I
Exacting double tribute to thine eyes; And
yet encroachest on my heart's domain:
Needs must I wish (though 'gainst my
foyalty), That thou unsceptered be of
Nature's royalty 1

C A N Z O N 39.



AND now, thou winged Ambassador of
Wonder! Liberal dispenser of
reproachful act! Who never
whisperest, but in a voice of thunder!
Explor'st what secrecy would fain have
darked! " Tell my ZEPHERIA ! (sith thou nill be
silenced !) My hopes on her calm smiles did
them embark ; Whose sunny shine seemed to
have licensed From them, all fear of tempest,
or of wreck.
Now, on the shelf of her brows* proud disdain,
A harbour, where they looked for asile, The
pilot who, 'fore now, did expect rain, His bark
in seas are all ydrenched, alack the while !
Till if, at last, she all, through fear,
excordiate, Command thee not to peace, ere
thou exordiate ! "